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## State Normal School Journal, June 19, 1919

State Normal School (Cheney, Wash.). Associated Students.

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# State Normal School Journal

VOLUME III.

CHENEY, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1919

NUMBER 28

## NORMAL SCHOOL LYCEUM COURSE OPENS

School Hears Henry L. Southwick,  
Emerson College of Oratory.

The lyceum course opened to a full house Thursday evening with Dr. Henry L. Southwick presenting Richard the Third. Dr. Southwick is president of the Emerson College of Oratory, and is also actively engaged in giving regular lectures and class instruction in oratory, extemporaneous speaking, debate and dramatic art. Dr. Southwick has won national distinction as a platform and chautauqua dramatic reader and lecturer. He makes one trip west every two years, and a trip south on alternate years. He was last heard in Cheney in 1907. His wife also a noted reader and lecturer, has also been in Cheney.

His reading of both Richard the Third and Twelfth Night, given during the assembly period on Friday, was not only scholarly and artistic, but rose beyond mere elocution and portrayed real chapters in human experience with a dramatic power that was vital and gripping. One felt the personality back of the reading—the personality of a scholarly, cultured man of keen perception, warm sympathy and genial humor, enabling him to interpret in rapid succession the courtier, the master-fiend, the worldly ecclesiast, the weak-willed woman, the hard-hearted murderers, the repentant, tortured sinner, the drunken Sir Toby, the arch Viola, the devoted Antonio, the haughty but misled Malvolio, the sparkling, mischievous Maria, the witless Aguecheek, the haughty but love-humiliated Olivia, the sentimental Duke Orsino and the wise fool. Each of these characters was clear-cut and sharply individualized, by finely delicate shades of facial expression and physical bearing.

One was not surprised after seeing his range of dramatic ability to learn that he had been a member of Augustin Daly's company in the winter of 1897. One had the feeling throughout both performances that a great Shakespearian actor had robbed the stage to grace the platform.

## PEN AND PRESS CLUB ORGANIZES AT NORMAL

One of the progressive moves of the past week was the formation of a Pen and Press club under the auspices of the department of English. A committee for drafting a constitution was appointed last Monday. The constitution was drawn up and formally adopted Tuesday, after which the following officers were unanimously elected: Mr. E. Staffelsbach, president; Mr. Cornell Vander Meer, vice president; Miss Laura Linstrum, secretary-treasurer.

The club will meet every fortnight. Its purpose is two-fold:

1. To develop material to be used for publication by the editorial staff of the Normal School Journal.
2. To bring together those interested in literary or journalistic writing, for the purpose of stimulating such activity thru a fortnightly program of original productions.

The club will work under the direction of Dr. Tiejie, Miss Schottenfels, and Mr. Farnham.

Membership was by faculty invitation, and the list of charter members will be published in next week's Journal.

So poor X—— committed suicide?  
Yes.  
What was the matter?  
Bolshevist! His brain got on fire;  
so he blew it out.

## THE MONITOR

What hear we now from crannied  
rock on yonder hill?  
Has savage breast  
Of Indian braves  
Burst forth anew in thirst for blood,  
on bent to kill?

Or is it children wandered far in reckless  
play?  
And brought to grief  
By elements  
Of earth or ravages of beast, while  
they  
Were sauntering late toward home?

Or company  
Of jolly youth  
In revelry  
Who in their games and songs shout  
lustily?

But list! Again the sound takes on a  
plaintive note,  
That sends a thrill  
Of dread; but look!  
He sallies forth—bays to the sky—a  
lone coyote.

—Mrs. Arthur Hardy

## ASSEMBLY ON MONDAY

Monday, Doctor Tiejie addressed the student body on the subject of Austria Hungary, considering the political aspect of that subject. He told how Austria Hungary, once termed by Brice to be the youngest empire, is really the legitimate heir to the Holy Roman empire of the middle ages. He spoke of this empire as originating from the conception of Christianity with aims political and of foreign conquest, of the gradual decline until the year of 800, when, under the leadership of Charlemagne, the parts were reunited and were mainly held together by the religion of that time. But the real progress began when, with the coming of the family of Hapsburgs from Alsace-Lorraine, began the imperial expansion. Thru this Hapsburg dynasty, by the eastward expansion in the interests of the Magyars and Germans, this kingdom has grown from an area 60 miles square to its present area. True to the principles of the Holy Roman empire, Austria began her last conquest for Roumania, Servia and Bulgaria in the recent world war, but, as is known, her hopes were destroyed and the result of that war meant the death of the last vestige of the old despotism.

Tuesday, the Normal was delightfully entertained by Mrs. Myra Forshaw, a sister of Miss Wylie, and a former member of the musical department of the Normal school faculty. Her first number, "Star of Gold," was particularly interesting because of the fact that it was written by a Normal student, Mrs. Arthur Kinir Hardy of Almira. She also sang "Ken in Lilac Time," written by Alfred Noyes and composed by Paul Bliss, and as an encore, Russell Kennedy's "Vale." Mrs. Kennedy was Mrs. Forshaw's accompanist.

On Wednesday mornings the students have charge of the assembly period; so last Wednesday, after Mr. Buchanan read the honor roll and honorable mention list, Mr. Gray, the new president of the student's association, took charge. We are certain

that Mr. Gray will live up to our highest expectations as president of the association. Miss Hope McConnell was elected vice president and ex-officio chairman of the program committee, after which the students and instructors discussed the new plan of rewriting the "school policy." Nothing will be decided upon until later in order that we may have more time in which to get acquainted with it. A short program followed in which readings were given by Miss Gladys Price, Mr. Cornell Vandermeer, Mr. Franseen and Miss Lida Stone.

Thursday, Major Briggs addressed the assembly on "The Missions of California." His subject was an interesting one. He explained the reasons for the establishment of missions by Spain, and the purposes they served, at first entirely religious, later more commercial, and always as the foundation around which the romance of the region has been built.

Friday found the auditorium packed at assembly period, as many townspeople had availed themselves of the privilege of hearing Dr. Southwick a second time. He chose to present a comedy, Twelfth Night, and excelled his reading of Thursday night, were such a thing possible. The comedy, at any rate, allowed him to depict a wider range of characters, and the way he subtly individualized his characterizations was a marvel of dramatic art. The humor of the comedy was delightful, and this was brought out in the little running commentary with which Dr. Southwick bound together the various scenes. Altogether it was as high-class, finished a piece of dramatic art as any of us are ever likely to see and the Journal extends a vote of thanks to Dr. Southwick on behalf of the town as well as the school.

## English as She is "Spoke."

A fellow in Butte who bit off half a man's nose was bound over to keep the peace.

Heard in English: What is the plural of sugar?  
Clever Student—Lumps, of course!

## HONOR ROLL FOR THE SPRING QUARTER

The honor roll for the spring quarter was read in assembly Thursday by Mr. Buchanan. The list included 23 names.

The honor students, or those making 16 hours of credit with grades of 2-plus or better and no grade below three-plus, together with satisfactory conduct and attendance records, were:

Florence Bassett.  
Florence Betty.  
Edith Cavanaugh.  
Mrs. Eva Curry.  
Leona Donner.  
J. Mont Downing.  
Katherine Drnmmond.  
Elsie Fitzgerald.  
Charles Franseen.  
Olive Green.  
Emery Hardinger.  
Cora Layport.  
Laura Linstrum.  
Hope McConnell.  
Margaret Mayer.  
Fern Pyatt.  
Mona Reid.  
Alice Riek.  
Marjorie Schoneck.  
Ruth Smith.  
Mrs. Helen Tiejie.  
Dana Waynick.  
Gladys Wendler.

The honorable mention roll includes all the students making 16 hours of credit with grades of two-minus or better and no grade below three, together with satisfactory conduct and attendance records. The list includes the following 57 students:

Katherine Anderson.  
Margaret Anderson.  
Julia Anno.  
Mrs. Lora Antoine.  
Nellie Artman.  
Gladys Bach.  
Mabel Becker.  
Edith Benedict.  
George Buchanan.  
Grace Carroll.  
Lulu Corderman.  
Mrs. Beth Dailey.  
Kate E. Dekker.  
Emma Dooley.  
Lydia Doty.  
Mary Doty.  
Anna Easton.  
Alice Fraser.  
Esther Ginrich.  
Ruby Graber.  
Frances Greer.  
Grace Griffith.  
Brita Helgerson.  
Mrs. Lulu Shafer Hill.  
Vera Hoge.  
Kemp Holt.  
Mabelle S. Jones.  
Berdina Kuykendall.  
Florence Lair.  
Marion Lindell.  
Esther Malmberg.  
Seoval Mayo.  
Georgia Moore.  
Maury Nelson.  
Thora Nielson.  
Naomi Posy.  
Gladys Price.  
Marion Rice.  
Erma Rogers.  
Alice Seeley.  
Edith Smith.  
Ruby Smith.  
Lida B. Stone.  
Jessie Thompson.  
Beth Trainor.  
Cornell Vander Meer.  
Stella Van Riper.  
George Wallace.  
Genevieve Warner.  
Jesse West.  
Ora West.  
Harold Whicker.  
Lulu Williams.  
Mazie Williams.  
Ruth Witmer.  
G. Della Wood.  
Mildred Woods.



# State Normal School Journal

CHENEY WASHINGTON

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Address Communications to Editor

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1919

Have you felt a new spirit in your school this year—a greater feeling of helpfulness and cooperation than you have had before? Perhaps it was especially noticeable to me because this has been my first year of teaching since the beginning of the war.

It is the spirit which filled the barrels to overflowing with materials for gas masks, saved the pennies for thrift stamps, and brought wee boys and girls to school with huge bundles of linen for the Red Cross, or clothes for the Belgians. It is the spirit of the little girl, eagerly hunting in the tall grass for the peach pits her mother had thrown away earlier in the season, who said to one of her comrades: "Now, if you'll only help me find four more, I'll have enough to make one mask, and that'll save a man's life."

Not only have we had a deeper understanding of patriotism and citizenship, but the fact that we were all striving for something in common has brought greater cooperation between the school and the home, and also in the daily work of the school itself.

Now that we have seen what the children can do when faced by a real problem, in which they are made to feel the need of their assistance, and know they are really being helpful, the problem before us, as teachers, is to do our part in keeping this spirit alive. Can we not make it useful in other than war activities? Make it function in practical problems in our schools, in which the children feel that they each have a part and a responsibility, and thus continue the cooperation we have learned the power of, during the war?

Listen, good people, while we tell you of something new—for Cheney Normal—a dramatic club. Something that will put us up in the front ranks of those schools which have the last word in the way of school spirit. Something that will grow and become a part of our school; will be as much a part of the institution as the pine trees and shrubbery are a part of the campus—a dramatic club.

And what a treat there is in store for you! The opportunity of spending an evening or two in the land of make-believe. Opportunity to get away from the hum-drum and getting the richest sketches of life as an observer; the opportunity of seeing the best plays put on by the best dramatic talent in a student body of 500 students.

To students who have been to schools which have the advantages of a dramatic club, Cheney has been unattractive as the little, one-room school house isolated in the gray, bunch-grass hills, is to the teacher in an attractive graded school. But with organizations such as a dramatic club there will grow around this school a memory, traditions will arise, a school spirit will develop, which will be as everlasting as the very grounds on which the Normal stands. Watch us grow.

## QUESTIONS

Am I doing the things I was made for?  
Am I finding the things that are mine?  
Do I need most the things I have prayed for?  
Is life part of a plan divine?

Is the thing for which God made the world  
Come down thru the ages to me?  
Am I part of a scroll unfurled?  
And are things as they only could be?

If plans are unmade, can I make them;  
Or has fate that privilege alone?  
If life plans are made, can I break them—  
Can I map out a life of my own?

Remarkable questions to answer;  
Yet serious, too, to the heart;  
For are we not each a romancer,  
And of his own novel a part?

—E. H. S.

## FOXY FRANK By—His Brother

Somebody  
Said that  
There are a lot  
Of new things coming  
Into Cheney State Normal. So  
I guess  
I am no exception.  
I heard that there was  
A Dramatic Club,  
And a couple  
Of Literary Societies,  
And a Press and Pen  
Club which is  
Liable to be most  
Press.  
Besides,  
There are all  
The new perffessers  
They have corralled all  
The new ideas  
That have been floatin' around  
The big colleges and  
Universities.  
Us people sure am blessed.  
Unusually so.  
Until recently, we have  
Always been satisfied, so  
Be it, with the best.  
Now, we will have  
Something which  
Will be better.  
And,  
At this point  
Your pardon for  
Taking your time.  
The printer likes  
Me though, for  
It never takes  
Much time to print my  
Stuff. There are  
So many blanks. And,  
Perhaps, there is a  
Little food for  
Thought in that.  
Thank you.  
—Aivy.

## NIGHT

The night weep's o'er the leas  
Without a moon;  
The winds sigh thru the trees  
A sobbing croon;  
The mild airs lullaby  
And soft caress  
Soothes all to sleep—but I  
Am slumberless.

My sleepless brain would rest,  
But wills in vain;  
I await in weariness  
And sober pain  
My heart all wander-led  
In ways anew—  
I see its saint instead,  
And worship, too.

—E. H. S.

Where there is one man who squints  
With his eyes, there are a dozen who  
squint with their brains.

## Did It Ever Occur to You— Why All Successful Men Keep a Checking Account With a Bank? We'll Tell You—

It enables them to keep their funds in a more secure place than the office safe.

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It helps save—money in one's pocket is often spent on the spur of the moment, while one is disposed to think twice before drawing on his balance in the bank.

Your aim, as a student, is to fit yourself for a successful life—aim to be successful in the handling of your money affairs.

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## DEPARTMENTS

Miss Atkins has as her assistant this quarter, Miss Courtney, whose class in cookery I. is now studying the canning of fruits. They have also been making jelly and marmalade.

Besides her classes in cookery 1 and 2, Miss Courtney has charge of a class in textiles, another in elementary art needlework, and one in advanced art needlework.

The textile classes are studying the production of fibers, and later on expect to take up the testing of various fabrics. This work is not only intensely interesting, but of real practice value.

## TRAINING SCHOOL

The girls from the fourth, fifth and sixth grades of the Training school are taking their work in sewing under Miss Stevens in the domestic art rooms of the Normal this summer, instead of in the Training school as they have formerly done.

Mr. Whitford's class in upper grade methods has been in charge of Miss Schottenfels this week, who has been presenting methods in English.

## Department of Social Science.

Mr. Kingston's place in the department of social science is being filled by Professor Peter C. Crockett of the University of Oregon.

## Why He Did Not Propose.

Tragedy in Three Acts.

### Act I.

I told her of my three years' cruise,  
Its haps and mishaps, and when I  
Had finished, in her sweet rapt muse  
She murmured breathlessly, "Oh,  
my!"

### Act II.

And then I told my journeys o'er,  
From torrid zone to land of snow;  
She paused in wonderment, and then  
She softly cried, "You don't say  
so!"

### Act III.

And when I told of dangers, fears,  
Of shipwreck when we suffered so,  
Half frightened and almost in tears,  
She faltered forth, "I want to  
know."

## Heard in the Library.

Girl Student (pertly)—I want  
"Man As He Is."

Miss Reynolds (quietly)—We  
haven't that; but here's "Woman As  
She Should Be."

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## Always Something to Take the Joy Out of Life.

"I thank you for the flowers you sent;"

She blushed and drooped her head.  
"Forgive me for my hasty words  
Of yesterday," she said.

"Your flowers prove that I was  
wrong,  
And I apologize."

And he forgave her mighty quick  
And smiled into her eyes.

But he has wondered ever since,  
Alone in musing hours,  
Who in the deuce had had the nerve  
To send his girl those flowers?

Dr. Tieje (to budding genius  
aspiring to be a writer)—You're in  
the wrong church and the wrong pew.  
Go see Miss Most. You belong in the  
art department. You should study  
painting, impressionist, futurist or  
cubist.

Student (meekly)—Why?

Dr. T. (vociferously)—You smear  
on too much color. Why, in your very  
first chapter you make your old man  
purple with rage; your villain, green  
with envy; your hero, white with  
anger; your heroine, crimson with  
blushes; and your chauffeur, blue  
with cold. Take it away!

What dance would be enjoyed by  
everybody, even in Cheney, irrespec-  
tive of race, conviction or creed?

The folk dance? Not much! Abun-  
dance!



## ROBERT THOMPSON WRITES

London, May 19, 1919. Dear Miss Goodman: Are you surprised to find that I am in London? I'll tell you all about how it happens that I am here.

No doubt you have heard or read of what the army is doing for the members of the A. E. F. in the line of educational work. Large detachments of officers and men are attending universities both in France and in England. I had better say the United Kingdom, because a part of the 2000 A. E. F. students are in Scotland, Ireland, Wales and England. They are scattered about over the British Isles in 60 of the leading and best colleges and universities in this country. Quite a number are attending Oxford and Cambridge. I happened to be one of the 700 in the University of London.

This is a great opportunity to get to see the many places and things of historical interest and to learn something about the English people. Some of the boys like the English girls so well that they are going to marry and there will be English brides going to the states as well as French. Some of them look very nice, all right. You know here in London are Westminster Abbey, the Inns of Court, the houses of parliament, St. Paul's cathedral and many other places of historical interest. Last Sunday I attended church services in Westminster Abbey and a few Sundays prior to that at the Inner Temple, and heard such wonderful music at the Inner Temple. The best choir in London is said to be at the Inner Temple. Thursday afternoon of last week I visited the royal mint out near the Tower of London. Went thru with a party from the college. The president of the college made special arrangements and obtained cards for use to be admitted and shown thru the mint. All was very interesting and money making to them is a simple thing.

On my way back from the royal mint I saw the Old Curiosity Shop immortalized by Charles Dickens, and naturally enough, had to buy a few cards, as souvenirs of the shop.

I may not get home quite as soon as I would if I had stayed with my organization, but being in England four months is more than worth the little delay in getting home. I heard thru one of my friends that my organization went to the port of embarkation last month and the company very likely will be in the states soon, if not now.

In one of the publications of the Normal School Journal I saw where Mr. Kingston was in France having some experience with "the ever omnipresent mud, mud, mud," as he put it, I believe. His writing was in the winter, when there was lots of mud. I am sending you a short "conglomeration" of my own which may give you a faint idea of what the mud is like.

## "MUD"

Have you ever walked in mud—Good, old-fashioned U. S. mud? "Yes!" you say, "A foolish question,

I've done it lots of times." Well, be patient, gentle reader, Give me time to air my views, Broaden out your mind and foresight, Paint the world in darker hues.

Cross the ocean on a transport, First-class liner, Private Yacht, Cross the ocean; that's all I ask you. Oh! The method! 'Tis but naught. "But why," you ask in tones impatient,

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"Should I cross to foreign shores?"  
Patience, patience, gentle reader,  
All the world is filled with wars,  
And the beauties that one sees there  
They are many, many scores.

But the beauty that I write of  
Is a picture none can paint,  
None can show the dash of color,  
Vivid lines nor depth of tones.  
If an artist dares to try it  
All his paints swirl in a flood,  
For the beauty that I write of  
Is of Royal old French mud.

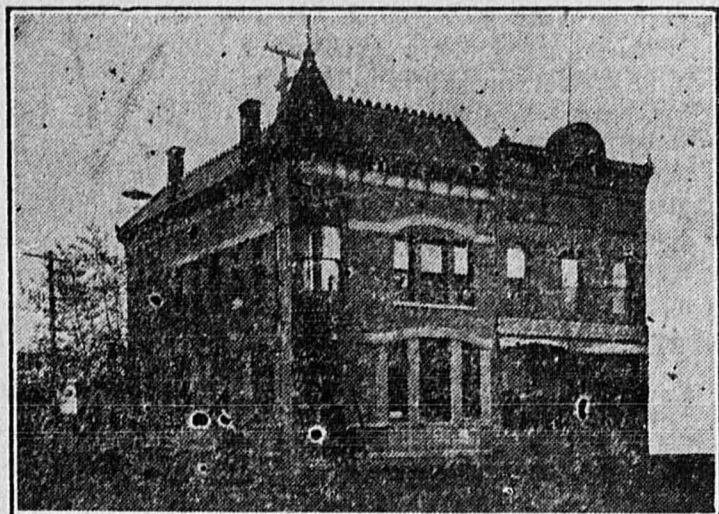
Sloppy, slimy, slippery, grimy,  
Thick as putty—thin as paint,  
Flowing, pouring, gushing, standing  
Placid as a glassy pool;  
Seems inviting you to enter,  
Plunge right in and take a stand.  
Do not do it; do not try it,  
For you'll never find dry land.

Mud is mud, the whole world over,  
But you've never seen real mud,  
Till you've waded, rolled and wallowed,  
Saturated all your clothing,  
Filled your shoes to overflowing,  
Then, my friend, you're close to knowing  
All the miseries of French mud.

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# LETTER FROM SERGEANT CHARLES ROGERS

Former Cheney Student Stationed at  
London, England.

Headquarters American University Detachment, 50 Russell Square, London, England. March 28, 1919. Dear Faynie: Well, here I am spending my days in "Merrie England" now. Just at present I happen to be in the little (?) village of London. In fact it is a pretty good sized little village.

I have been rambling for almost a month now. I left the company the second day of March to come over here for university study. Some two thousand of us, both officers and men, came over from France, and were distributed among the various British universities of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. I was finally sent to University college, University of London, here. I was at Liverpool until Saturday. They sent us there for assignment.

I got to spend a couple of hours in Paris as I came thru. Of course that wasn't much time for such a large city, but we were glad to get even that much.

We also had a few hours in Le Havre before starting across the channel. I took advantage of my opportunity to go down to the Y. M. C. A. and get dinner. I had a real French dinner served in a French dining room in true French style by French women but under the supervision of the American Y. M. C. A.; consequently it cost only three francs (about 54c) instead of the at least five francs that it would have cost otherwise.

We bade France farewell, at least for a few weeks, about sundown and landed at Southampton next morning, tho we got into the harbor about 10 o'clock the night before.

Believe me, we surely enjoyed ourselves in Southampton. This was the first time we had been where we could talk to English-speaking civilians for a long time. It was just the next best to getting back to the states again.

We left Southampton that evening and got into Liverpool about 2 a. m. next day. We had things pretty easy there for a while. We had a pass to town from 3 to 12 p. m.; so we got to see a little of the city.

However, we have it much nicer here. We have practically no military restriction whatever. We come and go when we please and have a pass good in any part of the United Kingdom while we are not at school. Of course we are under general military rules so far as dress and behavior are concerned, but that doesn't interfere with our seeing the country. A self-respecting soldier does these things anyhow.

Sunday morning I went to church at St. Paul's cathedral, the most famous of the London cathedrals. In the afternoon I took a little (?) walk with one of the boys.

We left Eagle Hut Y. M. C. A. and walked down the Strand, past Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, thru Admiralty Arch and down the Mall (a wide street) to Buckingham Palace (the home of the regal family). Then we walked out thru Hyde park and Kensington Gardens as far as Prince Albert's memorial. We thought we were far enough away; so we started back.

This time we passed along Cromwell Road and Grosvenor Place along the rear of the palace grounds and down a number of other streets, finally coming out in front of Westminster Abbey and alongside the houses of Parliament.

After looking at these large buildings for a few minutes we started down the River Thames. Passing Scotland Yards (the famous detective headquarters) and the rear of White Hall we soon stopped at Cleopatra's Needle. This is an obelisk brought

from Alexandria, Egypt, and set upon the banks of the Thames. Its foundation of solid blocks of granite are deeply scarred by shrapnel from a bomb dropped from a Zeppelin during an air raid while the war was going on. This was the first evidence of enemy shrapnel I had seen, except on men and movable machinery brought back from the front.

We soon turned across the Strand and into Eagle Hut, where we ate supper. We guessed we had walked at least 10 miles, but I felt it might have been more like 20. Ha! Ha!

Monday I went out to the college and registered and attended some classes during the week. As this is the last week of the term we have a month's vacation now in which I hope to see some of the country. Then I will go to work again, in school, till the first of July.

Well, I must bring this to a close this time. Perhaps next time I can tell you more of things I see. Remember me to all the folks there. Your friend, Charles Rogers. Address—Sergeant Charles A. Rogers (Number 270352), Headquarters American University Detachment, Russell Square, London, England.

## A Caterwaul.

Only a cat in the moonlight—  
Only a cat, that's all;  
Only a song at midnight—  
Only a wild, weird waul;

Only a man impulsive,  
Only a reason flown;  
Only a clutch convulsive—  
Only an old shoe thrown.

Only a sudden sally—  
Only a muttered "seat!"  
Only a corpse in the alley—  
Only a poor, dead cat!

## As Others See Us.

Zeze stupid Americaines! I can never learn zer language. I was riding in an open car yesterday, when some one yelled "Look out! Look out!"

I looked out and almost had ze head knocked off by a motor truck. Ze old fool meant "Look in!"

"I'm having a high old time," shrilled the clock in the tower.

## A Hand-Out.

A tramp asked a farmer for something to eat,  
One day as he there chanced to stop.  
The kind-hearted farmer went out to the shed,  
Brought an ax to the tramp and then smilingly said:  
"Now just help yourself to a chop."

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## A Tropical Dish.

Unto a little negro  
Swimming in the Nile ?  
Appeared quite unexpectedly  
A hungry crocodile;  
Who, with that chill politeness  
Which makes the warm blood freeze,  
Remarked, "I'll take some dark meat  
Without dressing, if you please."

A Boston damsel had a Spitz,  
A dog of rank and state;  
But when she spoke of it the maid  
Said "My Expectorate."

## In Music Class.

Mr. Cline—You may sing "One I Love."  
Lynville Barton—I thank you!  
Mr. Cline—Elmer Staffelbach, you may sing "Bread and Butter."  
Elmer Staffelbach—I sincerely thank you, Mr. Cline!  
Mr. Cline—You both can get dough from the piano—nut sed!

A thief is always comfortable—he takes things easy.

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